

**THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTHERN IOWA  
SCHOOL OF MUSIC**

*PRESENTS*

**Emma Hawkinson, Mezzo-Soprano  
Natia Shioshvili, Piano**

Davis Hall  
January 31, 2023  
6:00 pm

“Ah! mio cor” from *Alcina*

George Frideric Handel  
(1685-1759)

from *Myrthen*, Op. 25  
Zwei Venetianische Lieder, No. 17-18  
Der Nussbaum, No. 3  
Hauptmanns Weib, No. 19

Robert Schumann  
(1810-1856)

from *Trois mélodies*, Op. 23  
Les Berceaux, No. 1  
Notre amour, No. 2

Gabriel Fauré  
(1845-1924)

I will go with my father a-ploughing  
Desire in Spring  
Sleep  
Lights Out

Ivor Gurney  
(1890-1937)

*In partial fulfillment of the requirement for the Bachelor of Music degree in Vocal Performance  
From the studio of Dr. Jean McDonald.*

*Program Translations*

**Ah! mio cor**

Text by Antonio Marchi

Ah! mio cor! schernito sei!  
Stelle, Dei! Nume d'amore!  
Traditore! t'amo tanto;  
Puoi lasciarmi sola in pianto,  
Oh Dei! perché?

**Ah! my heart**

Translation by Harriet Mason

Ah! my heart! You are scorned!  
You stars, and gods! God of love!  
You traitor! I love you so much,  
how can you leave alone and in tears,  
Oh ye gods, why?

**Zwei Venetianische Lieder**

Text by Thomas Moore,  
Translated by Ferdinand Freiligrath

Leis' rudern hier, mein Gondolier!  
die Flut vom Ruder sprühn  
So leise lass, dass sie uns nur vernimmt,  
zu der wir zieh'n!  
O könnte, wie er schauen kann,  
der Himmel reden traun,  
Er spräche Vieles wohl von dem,  
was Nachts die Sterne schau'n!  
Nun rasten hier, mein Gondolier.  
Ins Boot die Ruder! Sacht!  
Auf zum Balkone schwing' ich mich,  
doch du hältst unten Wacht.  
O wollten halb so eifrig  
nur dem Himmel wir uns weih'n,  
Als schöner Weiber Diensten traun –  
wir könnten Engel sein!

**Two Venetian Songs**

Translation by Richard Stokes

Row gently here, my gondolier,  
ply the water gently,  
So that she, to whom we glide,  
Shall hear us coming!  
Oh, if heaven could speak  
As it can see,  
It would tell us much about  
what the stars discern at night!  
Now stay here, mein gondolier,  
Gently in the boat with your oar!  
While I climb the balcony,  
You keep watch beneath.  
Oh, if we devoted ourselves  
to heaven half as eagerly  
As we seek favours of fair women,  
We could be angels!

### Der Nussbaum

Text by Julius Mosen

Es grünet ein Nussbaum, vor dem Haus,  
Duftig, Luftig  
Breitet er blättrig die Blätter aus.  
Viel liebliche Blüten stehen d'ran,  
Linde Winde  
Kommen, sie herzlich zu umfahn.  
Es flüstern je zwei zu zwei gepaart,  
Neigend, Beugend  
Zierlich zum Kusse die Häuptchen zart.  
Sie flüstern von einem Mägdlein,  
das Dächte Die Nächte  
Und Tagelang, wüsste ach! selber nicht was.  
Sie flüstern—wer mag verstehen so gar  
Leise Weis'?'  
Flüstern von Bräut'gam und nächstem Jahr.  
Das Mägdli horchet, es rauscht im Baum;  
Sehnend, Wähnend  
Sinkt es lächelnd in Schlaf und Traum.

### Hauptmanns Weib

Text by Robert Burns,  
translated by Wilhelm Gehard

Hoch zu Pferd!  
Stahl auf zartem Leibe,  
Helm und Schwert  
Ziemen Hauptmanns Weibe.  
Tönet Trommelschlag  
Unter Pulverdampf,  
Siehst du blut'gen Tag  
Und dein Lieb im Kampf.  
Schlagen wir den Feind,  
Küssest du den Gatten,  
Wohnst mit ihm vereint  
In des Friedens Schatten.

### The Walnut Tree

Translation by Richard Stokes

A nut tree blooms outside the house,  
Fragrantly, Airily  
It spreads its leafy boughs.  
Many lovely blossoms it bears,  
Gentle winds  
Come to caress them tenderly.  
Paired together they whisper  
Inclining, bending  
Gracefully thier delicate heads to kiss.  
They whisper of a maiden  
who Dreamed For nights  
And days of, alas, she knew not what.  
They whisper – who can understnad  
So soft A song?  
Whisper of a bridegroom and next year.  
The maiden listens, the tree rustles;  
Yearning, musing  
She drifts into sleep and dreams.

### The Captain's Lady

Translation by Richard Stokes

Mount your horse!  
Steel across your tender body,  
Helmet and sword  
Become a captain's lady.  
When the drums beat  
And the powder smokes  
You'll behold a bloody day  
And your love in battle.  
When the foe is vanquished,  
You'll kiss your husband,  
You'll live united with him  
In the shadow of peace.

### Les Berceaux

Text by Sully Prudhomme

Le long du quai les grands vaisseaux,  
Que la houle incline en silence,  
Ne prennent pas garde aux berceaux  
Que la main des femmes balance.  
Mais viendra le jour des adieux,  
Car il faut que les femmes pleurent,  
Et que les hommes curieux  
Tentent les horizons qui leurrent.  
Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux,  
Fuyant le port qui diminue,  
Sentent leur masse retenue  
Par l'âme des lointains berceaux.

### Notre amour

Text by Armand Silvestre

Notre amour est chose légère  
Comme les parfums que le vent  
Prend aux cimes de la fougère  
Pour qu'on les respire en rêvant.  
\_ Notre amour est chose légère.  
Notre amour est chose charmante,  
Comme les chansons du matin  
Où nul regret ne se lamante,  
Où vibre un espoir incertain.  
\_ Notre amour est chose charmante.  
Notre amour est chose sacrée  
Comme le mystère des bois  
Où tressaille un âme ignorée,  
Où les silences ont des voix.  
\_ Notre amour est chose sacrée.  
Notre amour est chose infinie,  
Comme les chemins des couchants  
Où la mer, aux cieux réunie,  
S'endort sous les soleils penchants.  
\_ Notre amour est chose infinie.  
Notre amour est chose éternelle  
Comme tout ce qu'un Dieu vainqueur  
A touché du feu de son aile.  
Comme tout ce qui vient du cœur.  
\_ Notre amour est chose éternelle.

### The Cradles

Translation by Richard Stokes

Along the quay the great ships,  
Listing silently with the surge,  
Pay no heed to the cradles  
Rocked by women's hands.  
But the day of parting will come,  
For it is decreed that women shall weep,  
And that men with questing spirits  
Shall seek enticing horizons.  
And on that day the great ships  
Leaving the dwindling behind,  
Shall feel their hulls held back  
By the soul of distant cradles.

### Our love

Translation by Christopher Goldsack

Our love is a light thing  
Like the scents which the breeze  
Gathers from the tips of the ferns  
That we might breathe them when dreaming.  
\_ Our love is a light thing  
Our love is an enchanting thing,  
Like the songs of the morning  
In which no regret is lamented,  
In which an uncertain hope vibrates.  
\_ Our love is an enchanting thing.  
Our love is a sacred thing  
Like the mystery of the woods  
In which an unknown soul trembles,  
In which silences have voices.  
\_ Our love is a sacred thing.  
Our love is an infinite thing.  
Like the paths of the sunsets  
Where the sea, reunited with the heavens,  
Falls asleep beneath the sinking suns.  
\_ Our love is an infinite thing.  
Our love is an eternal thing  
Like all that a victorious God  
Has touched with the flame of his wing.  
Like all that comes from the heart.  
\_ Our love is an eternal thing.

### **I will go with my father a-ploughing**

Text by Joseph Campbell

I will go with my father a-ploughing  
To the green field by the sea,  
And the rooks and the crows and the seagulls  
Will come flocking after me.  
I will sing to the patient horses  
With the lark in the white of the air,  
And my father will sing the plough-song  
That blesses the cleaving share.  
I will go with my father a-sowing  
To the red field by the sea,  
And the rooks and the gulls and the starlings  
Will come flocking after me.  
I will sing to the striding sowers  
With the finch on the greening sloe,  
And my father will sing the seed-song  
That only the wise men know.  
I will go with my father a-reaping  
To the brown field by the sea,  
And the geese and the crows and the children  
Will come flocking after me.  
I will sing to the tan-faced reapers  
With the wren in the heat of the sun,  
And my father will sing the scythe song  
That joys for the harvest done.

### **Desire in Spring**

Text by Francis Ledwidge

I love the cradle-songs the mothers sing  
In lonely places when the twilight drops,  
The slow, endearing melodies that bring  
Sleep to the weeping lids; and, when she stops,  
I love the roadside birds upon the tops  
Of dusty hedges in a world of Spring.  
And when the sunny rain drips from the edge  
Of mid-day wind, and meadows lean one way,  
And a long whisper passes thro' the sedge,  
Beside the broken water let me stay,  
While these old airs upon my memory play,  
And silent changes colour up the hedge.

## **Sleep**

Text by John Fletcher

Come, sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving  
Lock me in delight awhile;  
Let some pleasing dream beguile  
All my fancies, that from thence  
I may feel an influence,  
All my powers of care bereaving.  
Tho' but a shadow, but a sliding,  
Let me know some little joy.  
We, that suffer long annoy,  
Are contented with a thought  
Thro' an idle fancy wrought:  
O let my joys have some abiding.

## **Lights Out**

Text by Edward Thomas

I have come to the borders of sleep,  
The unfathomable deep  
Forest where all must lose  
Their way, however straight  
Or winding, soon or late;  
They can not choose.  
Here love ends -  
Despair, ambition ends;  
All pleasure and all trouble,  
Although most sweet or bitter,  
Here ends, in sleep that is sweeter  
Than tasks most noble.  
There is not any book  
Or face of dearest look  
That I would not turn from now  
To go into the unknown  
I must enter, and leave, alone,  
I know not how.